

The Tragedie of Hamlet

They not stop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredoe it owne life, 'twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie else?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble you h, make.

Laer. What Ceremonie else?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as far inlarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vn-sanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou shoul'd'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet mayd,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe

Prince of Denmark

Fall ten times double on thee
Whose wicked deed thy mother
Deprived thee of, hold off
Till I haue caught her once
Now pile your dust vpon
Till of this flat a mountain
To retop old *Pelion*, or the top
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he who
Beares such an *Emphasis*, who
Coniures the wandring Spirits
Like wonder wounded he
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take him.

Ha. Thou pray'st not well
For though I am not spleenish
Yet haue I in me something
Which let thy wisdom see.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Quee. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord.

Ham. Why I will fight
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer

Quee. O my sonne, what

Ham. How'd *Ophelia*: for
Could not with all their quicke
Make vp my sum. What

King. O he is mad *Laer*.

Quee. For loue of God

Ham. S'wounds shew me
Woo't weep, woo't fight,
Woo't drinke vp *Egill*, eat
I'll doo't: doo't come her
To out-face me with leaping
Be buried quick with her,
And if thou prate of mount
Millions of Acres on vs, till
Sindging his pate against

Fall